A CROESUS, YET KNOWN TO FEW

Abraham Wolff, Twenty-Millionaire, Lost Among So Many.

HIS WILL BRINGS HIM NOTE.

Lived Here a Lifetime as Head of Kuhn, Loeb & Company.

That the late banker Abraham Wolff, of this city and of Morristown, N. J., left an estate to be appraised at the value of $20,000,000 is one of those occasional surprises that show how little acquainted is New York with its multi-millionaires.

The fact is brought out by the admission of Wolff's will to probate. It was not even intimated in the brief obituaries which were printed Oct. 2 last, the day after the banker's sudden death.

When the average New Yorker thinks of the millionaires of the metropolis his mind turns upon the Goulds, the Astors, the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts, the Belmonts, Russell Sage and others who have ever been associated with financial

ABRAHAM WOLFF.

statements running into eight and nine figures. There is ever a passing moment of astonishment when a comparatively unfamiliar name is flashed into the glittering line of great fortune-holders.

Abraham Wolff's name did not appear even in the designation of his banking firm, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. was the style of that establishment.

His One Night of Fame.

The one occasion upon which Wolff had notice thrust upon him during his busy life in New York was five years ago, when an extension to his West Ninety-first street residence, built rather close to the boundaries of his property, involved him in a spite-fence controversy with a neighbor. His extension windows commanded a close view of the rear windows next door. The owner of these built a high and not-to-be-looked-through iron fence. The courts said the fence might stay.

But during that dispute Wolff was not known at his $20,000,000 weight.

It took the man now revealed as a multi-millionaire forty years to pile up his great fortune here. He worked steadily all that time. But because he went his ways quietly and did not court publicity it does not follow that he lived a neutral life. His list of bequests and his membership in many associations for charity and education reveal him as more than a mere mechanical accumulator of dollars.

In his will fifteen benevolent and educational institutions of New York are named for sums ranging from $1,000 to $10,000.

Two institutions in Germany are also remembered, for Wolff came from Germany when he was twenty-two years old, and the unobtrusive way in which he amassed millions is one of those recurring demonstrations of the opportunities from which the accident of nativity bars no man in this Republic.

Wealth Goes Unnoticed.

Wolff began his American career as an importer. He closed it as a demonstrator of how small a clue to the distribution of the nation's wealth is furnished by the frequent flashing of well-known names.

These are the chief provisions of his will:

To the Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum Society of New York, $5,000; to the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews of the city of New York, $5,000; to Mount Sinai Hospital, $1,000; to the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, $1,000; to the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Children, $1,000; to the Colored Orphan Asylum, $1,000; to the Hebrew Technical Institute of New York City, $2,500.

To each of the daughters of his nephew, Philip Frank, to each of his nieces, Fanny Elson, Fannie Phillips, Rosa Keifer, Clara Rauch, Flora Wolff, Nellie Morris, Nannette Jacobs and Celia Loeb and to his nephew, Louis Meyer, Mr. Wolff leaves $5,000; to his niece, Rachel Kauffman, $5,000; to Louis Elson and his nephew, Louis Keifer, each $15,000; to each clerk in the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. at his decease who shall have been there ten years, $500; $500 to each one there less than ten and over five; $250 to each there less than five and more than three years; $150 to each there less than three years.

The sum of $4,000 is left in trust to Flora Wolff, $5,000 in trust to his niece, Matilda Stenam; $4,000 in trust to Nellie Morris, $20,000 in trust to Louis Meyer, $20,000 in trust to Alfred E. Frank, $20,000 in trust to Rosa Keifer, $50,000 in trust to Fanny Elson and $50,000 in trust to Babette Meyer. To his nephew, Stanly L. Wolff, son of Louis S. Wolff, is left $10,000; Dorothy Sybil Wolff, daughter of Louis S. Wolff, gets $10,000 at twenty-one years of age; to his sister-in-law, Dorothea Wolff, the testator leaves $10,000.

The residue of the estate is to be divided equally between his daughters, Mrs. Otto Kahn and Mrs. Henri P. Wertheim.

WOMAN BADLY BURNED.

Miss Haight, Trying to Extinguish Blaze, Seriously Injured.

Miss Mary Haight, fifty years old, was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital today from 220 East Sixty-fifth street suffering from burns on the hands and feet.

At 6 o'clock this morning she arose to dress. Lighting the gas, a lace curtain blew over against the flame, igniting it. Miss Haight pluckily extinguished the blaze, though in doing so she received injuries that may permanently disfigure her.

SOCIETY GIRL DOUBTED SWEETHEART--SHOT HIM

Samuel McFetridge the Victim of Miss Murray, Whom He Was to Marry—Both Silent on the Tragedy.

Miss Anna M. Murray and Samuel L. McFetridge, principals in Philadelphia shooting.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10.—Miss Anna M. Murray, the beautiful woman who shot and seriously wounded rich and popular Sam McFetridge, her fiance, because she thought his love had grown cold, is to go unpunished for the deed.

The young woman is held both as prisoner and patient at the Hahnemann Hospital, while the man she shot, a society swell, a faultless dresser and the petted son of a rich father, lies at his father's home absolutely silent as to the causes which led up to the affair.

A Love Drama.

As the curtain lifts upon the tragedy it discloses some interesting phases of a love drama which came near ending in death.

Miss Annie Murray and young Sam McFetridge had long been sweethearts. They were engaged to be married and the union was looked forward to by their families. No objections were made on either side. The young woman is one of the beauties of Philadelphia. Her fiance is popular.

Life looked rosy for the young couple. But McFetridge began to show indifference to Miss Murray. The change was not noted by the friends of either. The quick eye and responsive heart of the young woman could not be deceived. She saw the inevitable—a drifting apart and a new love for the man who had won her affections.

Nerved to desperation by the thought of leaving him, Miss Murray apparently made up her mind that no other woman should usurp her place. She may have decided to kill him and then end her own life.

At any rate she went to the theatre with McFetridge, and throughout the play sat meditating how to end it all.

On leaving the theatre she asked McFetridge to take her to the office of his firm, where she could rest a little.

Two Shots Fired.

This he did, and there, in the private office of the big printing house of which McFetridge is a junior member, she sent a bullet crashing through his head from the back, and shot him again in the shoulder.

And since the time of her arrest by the police, who broke in the doors of the private office on hearing the shots, she has said nothing in extenuation or denial of the deed.

On his part McFetridge has been equally non-committal.

But while the two principals have been silent the developments in the case have been altogether out of the ordinary.

In place of a vindictive victim seeking to punish his would-be slayer, McFetridge refuses to accuse the girl.

In place of a stern parent, seeking to revenge himself for the attempted murder of his favorite child, John R. McFetridge, the father, seems only anxious to shield the woman who shot him.

It is practically certain, therefore, that no prosecution will be made. Both father and son have announced that the girl is blameless, and the father in addition has said that she was suffering from hysteria at the time. Interviewed as to the possible causes, the father said:

"It is utterly incomprehensible. You might as well shoot me. There was no possible reason for the deed. The poor girl must have been crazy. Why, she was almost an inmate of our home. She was there certainly once a week.

"I don't know whether Miss Murray feared that my son's affections were growing cold. I don't believe she had any ground for such suspicion, for the boy idolized her, and his mother and I looked upon their future union with complaisance.

"Anna is an estimable young woman. She is as good as she is beautiful. She must have been insane when she turned her weapon against my son."

And the mother of the young man who so narrowly escaped death is as loyal as her husband to the girl who shot her son. She has not one word of reproach for the young woman.

Of Good Family.

Miss Murray has a sister. She lives in Philadelphia and is the wife of Alvin M. Ehret. She has expressed no sympathy for her sister and has not called to see her.

"Her name has been tabooed in our house of late," was her explanation to callers. "I know nothing positively against her, but I do not approve of her course. Naturally, I am awfully cut up over her misfortune. But I don't see how I can help her."

The Murray girls came to Philadelphia from Johnstown, Pa., about three years ago.

For a time they conducted a dressmaking establishment. Then the elder sister married Alvin M. Ehret. Miss Anna later met young McFetridge, and the dressmaking establishment was closed.

It appears that Miss Murray and Mr McFetridge had agreed to part, although neither will admit it, and that Miss Murray had decided to go to California, where she had a brother in business.

The idea of going away apparently caused her such great mental excitement that she determined to end it otherwise.

Shortly before going to the theatre with her fiance, Miss Murray purchased a new hammerless revolver. This she concealed in her pocket, and all through the play must have often caressed it as she waited for a chance to use it.

In all probability the McFetridges will go upon the woman's bond. Young McFetridge, it is said, is certain to recover.

The wound in the young man's head is not serious. The bullet entered behind the right ear and came out just in front. The one in the right shoulder penetrated for some distance, but it was extracted.

Apparently Miss Murray missed her mark at the first and second shots. The third hit the man in the shoulder and the fourth dropped him like a log.

Perhaps there may be a reconciliation, and later a wedding to close this story of love, of doubt and almost a tragedy.

GIRL AFLAME ON FIRE ESCAPE.

Carried Down Ladders While Her Clothing Burned.

Minnie Shirk, a fourteen-year-old girl, was carried from a fire-escape down scaling ladders with her clothing aflame, and is in a critical condition in St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn.

The girl, with her parents and three other children, lived on the third floor of the double tenement house at 15 Moore street.

When fire started on the ground floor last night the tenants were thrown into a panic. They rushed to the stairway and on reaching the second floor escape was cut off. All then made for the roof and the fire-escapes.

In the excitement Minnie Shirk got separated from the other members of the family and ran to a fire-escape. She got to the second story and, stupefied by fear, remained there until the flames reached her and set her clothing on fire.

Truck 158 reached the scene just in time, the men raising the ladder and through the smoke carrying her to the street.

An ambulance surgeon found that she was burned severely about the body.

$4,000 FIRE IN SALOON.

August Wildman Escaped with His Family, but Saloon Was Gutted.

Fire started at 2 o'clock this morning at 976 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn. The building is occupied by August Wildman, who has a saloon on the ground floor and lives on the floor overhead.

He and his family escaped in safety, but the building was gutted. The loss was $4,000.

For a Cold in the Head Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets.

"L" ENGINE KILLS PAINTER

Finn Was Under Rails When It Struck Him.

John Finn, of 1593 Lexington avenue, one of the men engaged in painting the Third avenue "L" structure at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, was struck on the head by Engine 24, which was just coming into the station.

Finn was under the tracks painting the iron work. He looked up every moment to see whether a train was approaching.

He had just put his head through when the engine came along and struck him.

His fellow workmen shouted to him, but were too late. He died almost instantly.

The engine, which is used for switching cars, went on down to Ninety-ninth street. When it got back to One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street two policemen were waiting to arrest the engineer.

He is William Main, of 1024 Jackson avenue. His fireman is Adam Kuntzman, of 673 East Fifteenth street.

Both of them declared that they had not seen Finn, and did not even know that their engine had struck him. They were not arrested.

STRICKEN ON A CAR.

Eighty-Year-Old Bank Clerk Was Taken Ill—Died in Drug Store.

The death of William H. Turner, eighty years old, who lived at 245 Emerson place, Brooklyn, was announced today.

Mr. Turner was a clerk in a bank in this city for forty years. While returning home from business at 5.30 P. M. yesterday, he was taken ill on a De Kalb avenue car while it was passing Classon avenue. He was carried into a drug store at that point, where he died.

Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of death.

RUNAWAY MADE BRIDGE PANIC.

Dashed from End to End of Crowded Brooklyn Structure.

There was panic on the north driveway of the Brooklyn Bridge this forenoon when a runaway dashed from end to end, overturning vehicles and scaring other horses.

William Weimann, a boy about sixteen, was driving the delivery wagon of W. Wustl's Sons, 2 Union Square, when the animal bolted and ran.

The wagon was just entering the driveway at the Brooklyn side at the time and ahead of it was a light runabout, driven by H. A. Metz, of 253 Clinton street, Brooklyn.

Weimann's horse dashed into the runabout, overturning it and frightening the animal attached. Metz was bruised and his runabout was smashed. His horse ran ahead till it met a trolley car, which it collided with. The animal was thrown down and cut by broken glass and the passengers were in a state of terror.

Dashing on across the Bridge the original runaway met several lighter wagons, banging into them and upsetting many.

Young Weimann was all the while clinging to the reins and doing his best to keep the maddened horse near the centre of the road.

The alarm went along the big structure ahead of them, and at this end Policeman Steffens closed the danger gates. Into these gates the horse plunged, throwing young Weimann out over the dashboard. Strange to say, the boy was not seriously hurt, though cut and bruised. The front part of his wagon was a wreck and the horse gashed and bleeding.

Died in a Saloon.

John J. Sullivan, forty-five years old, of 86 East Thirtieth street, died suddenly this morning in the saloon, 625 Third avenue, of apoplexy.

THE PASSING OF JOHN SILVER.

Former "Napoleon of Finance" Held for Small Swindle.

JOHN S. SILVER.

After forfeiting $1,000 bail and attempting to elude the police, John S. Silver, once known as the "Napoleon of Finance," was rearrested and yesterday pleaded guilty in the West Side Court to a charge of passing a worthless check for $39 on Henry Buck, a druggist, of 79 West Ninety-second street.

Silver's career has been meteoric. He has been involved in numerous financial tangles, from most of which he emerged with comfortable sums and left dupes and ruin in his train.

The son of a Portuguese truckman, he attracted early in life the attention of the late Courtlandt Palmer, who placed him with Vose, Denison & Co., in this city.

He had lived in Stonington. His mother was an Irishwoman, and from her he inherited a shrewdness that procured him millions on worthless securities.

After a short time in New York he began to pose as a promoter. He posed successfully. His name was first brought into prominence when the American Loan and Trust Company suddenly failed. With the institution were connected John I. Blair, Russell Sage and other prominent financiers. Silver was a director. He loaned to one of his own companies, the Decatur, Chesapeake and New Orleans Railroad, $364,000 of the company's funds. The sum was never recovered.

Silver's greatest feat was when in February, two years ago, he persuaded William J. Quinlan, the cashier of the Chemical Bank, to loan him $393,000 on securities not worth the value of the paper on which they were written.

Nothing could be done to the promoter as he had kept strictly within the law.

Silver continued to shine as a man who did not have to work for his money. He was engaged in all sorts of schemes, factories, railroads and mines, some of which would have taxed the philosophy of Gulliver's friends in Laputa.

His name became a byword for suspicion among bankers. In spite of his successful enterprises he is at the present moment penniless.

Writs have been issued against him for nearly $300,000, but most of them when returned bore the legend "no property found."

What Silver did with the huge sums he acquired is a secret which only he can solve. His creditors have no key to the solution.

Among those now trying to recover are: John J. Cahill, $90,041; A. Adams estate, $25,000; Camille Weidenfeld, $49,350; Eugene Kelly & Co., $47,918, and Samuel H. Smith, for $51,215.

Mr. Silver has never heretofore been tried on a charge of crime.

DESERTED BY FATHER.

Supt. Blair Anxious to Find a Missing Parent.

Supt. Blair, of the Outdoor Poor, reported to the police to-day that Giuseppe Tuso, an Italian, had deserted his children.

Tuso went to Supt. Blair's office at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street with two pretty little girls—Rosetta, seven years old, and Josephine, four years old.

He said he had called to get the baby girl Catherine, not two years old, who had been sent to Randall's Island to be cared for when his wife died, several months ago.

Tuso said that at that time he was poor and could not take care of her. He had since secured work in Buffalo, and his heart yearned for his motherless babe.

Touched by the man's plea Supt. Blair told him to take his girls to the other office and wait there while he sent a messenger to Randall's Island for little Catherine. When the messenger returned some time later the Superintendent found that Tuso had disappeared leaving the two little girls, and that instead of one child he had three to care for.

Questioned by the Superintendent the girls said their father had not been to Buffalo; he had not secured work, and they had been half fed for days.

Supt. Blair had a warrant issued for Tuso.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ALMANAC FOR TO-DAY.

Sun rises.. 6.41 Sun sets.. 4.49 Moon rises.. 8.25

THE TIDES.

	High Water. A.M.	High Water. P.M.	Low Water. A.M.	Low Water. P.M.
Sandy Hook	9.51	10.23	3.36	4.22
Governor's Island	10.22	10.54	4.10	4.59
Hell Gate	—	12.11	5.28	6.27

PORT OF NEW YORK.

ARRIVED.

Lucania	Liverpool
British Prince	Antwerp
Montserrat	Genoa
St. Georg	Nuevitas
Gretel	Cuba
Buenaventura	Norfolk
Iroquois	Charleston
El Rio	New Orleans

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

SAILED TO-DAY.

Etruria, Liverpool.	Hildur, Curacoa.
Kaiser Wilhelm II., Naples.	Morro Castle, Havana.
Rotterdam, Rotterdam.	Hermana, Progreso.
Ethiopia, Glasgow.	British Prince, Argentina.
Manitou, London.	Polycarp, North Brazil.
Caledonian, Liverpool.	Nueces, Galveston.
Alene, Jamaica.	Navahoe, Charleston.
San Juan, Porto Rico.	Comus, New Orleans.

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

DUE TO-DAY.

Prinz Regent Luitpold, Bremen.	Cuffe, Liverpool. City of Augusta, Savannah.
Island, Christiansand.	
Bristol City, Swansea.	St. Louis, Southampton.
Pocahontas, Gibraltar.	Carver, St. Lucia.
Concordia, Hull.	Grimbo, Havana.

To-Morrow's Sunday World.

ILLUSTRATED

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD.

A Daughter's Love for Her Stricken Father. Beautiful Sacrifice of Miss Grace Boutelle to Bring the Brilliant Congressman Back to Health.

ILLUSTRATED

STRANGEST OF PILGRIMAGES.

Calve's Flight for Health to the Mystic East. Great Singer's Effort to Escape the Surgeon's Knife.

ILLUSTRATED

PLATONIC MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Romance of the Gilligs, Who Imagined that Married Life Was a Case of Good-Fellowship. In To-Morrow's Sunday World.

ILLUSTRATED

HE HUNTS POISONERS.

Remarkable Study of James W. Osborne, the Man Who Trapped Molineux and Millionaire Rice's Valet.

ILLUSTRATED

HYPNOTISM BY TELEPHONE.

Latest Marvel of the Most Mysterious Power of Science. Practical and Thrilling Tests, Whose Truth Is Proved by the Camera, That Hypnotism Can Be Exerted Over Telephone Wires. (A Double Page in Colors in the Sunday World Magazine.)

ILLUSTRATED

FROM POVERTY TO MILLIONS.

Romance of the Millionaire Mining King, Thomas F. Walsh, Told by Himself in To-Morrow's Sunday World.

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WATERLOO OF FINANCE'S NAPOLEON.

How William Jewett, Latest Napoleon of Finance, Who Thought He Could Cheat at Banking as He Did at Marbles, Fell.

ILLUSTRATED

FOOTBALL ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Expert Charles Chadwick's Suggestion to Brokers Which May Net Them Millions. In To-Morrow's Sunday World.

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WOMAN'S PAGE, BY MRS. AYER.

Advice of All Kinds to the Fair Sex.

MASSAGE TO MAKE PRETTY ARMS.

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SUCCESS CONTEST—$500.

Close of the Greatest Educational Competition for Working Men and Women. An Exceptionally Interesting Series.

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LAUGHS BY THE COLUMN.

The Funny Side, Showing the Downfall of the Bank Cashier, Dr. Birch's School, Mischievous Willie, and Lots of Other Fun.

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To-Morrow's Sunday World.